

wrath, I had been instrumental in turning American policy around on this issue. The Moroccan military realized this, but I got no credit with the palace. The king was an ingrate as well as a liar and a cheat.

### The Shah

Shortly before my encounter with the king, the recently deposed shah of Iran had arrived in Marrakesh from Egypt en route to exile. He was accompanied by the empress and a large retinue. The party was transported in two aircraft: Iran Air Force No. 1 and a smaller plane called the *Shahin* (meaning "falcon"), owned by the shah personally. It was our understanding from press reports that he would spend three or four days in Morocco and then proceed to the United States. My first question was whether, in accordance with diplomatic custom, I should arrange to be at the airport when he departed for my country, given the increasing criticism of our identification with him. I sent a query to the department and was told not to go to the airport. Meanwhile, I had called the chief of royal protocol, Moulay Hafidh al-Alaoui, and asked him about the shah's travel plans. He said he did not know; it was not his affair. The shah was the personal guest of the king, and all questions should be addressed to the Iranian ambassador, Farhad Sepahbody.

Sepahbody was in Marrakesh with the shah and hard to find. I eventually reached him and learned that the shah's plans for the future were indefinite. I also learned that the former Iranian ambassador to Washington, Ardeshir Zahedi, had come to Marrakesh and told the shah that he would be unwelcome in the United States. This had caused the shah to hesitate. When I was summoned to Marrakesh on January 29 for my berating from the king, former ambassador Robert Neumann was in Marrakesh at the king's invitation. So was Vernon Walters, former deputy director of the CIA, who had some sort of contract with the Moroccans, the details of which I never learned. Various representatives of the world press were also on hand. Everyone was lounging around the pool of the Mamounia Hotel waiting for a summons from one royalty or another.

Walters had been a frequent visitor to Morocco ever since Hen-

ry Kissinger sent him there secretly and, I gather, without telling Neumann, to meet with the PLO in the midseventies. I assumed on this occasion he was on a commercial rather than political mission. I could not imagine the Carter people enlisting him. We exchanged a few words of greeting, and Walters looked at me appraisingly, as if he knew I was in trouble with the king. I have always wondered whether he played any role in what followed.

During a brief conversation with Neumann, I learned that the previous night Zahedi had been trying to convince the shah to return to Iran and stage a military coup. The Iranian generals were allegedly ready to fight and awaiting his command. The shah's response was that he did not want a bloodbath on his account. Neumann was perplexed as to how he should report this. It had been given to him in confidence, but he felt the U.S. government should be aware of what was happening. I believe we decided to convey the information to Washington without indicating the source.

About a week later, I was summoned back to Marrakesh to meet with the shah and King Hassan. The shah was staying at the king's new Moroccan-French provincial-style palace in the palm groves. I was ushered into a room in which both men were seated. The king explained that the shah was very concerned about his family in the United States and particularly about his son, who was in flight training at Lubbock, Texas. The shah wanted assurances that, first, his family would be protected and, second, the prince would be allowed to finish his training course. The king asked me to call the president or the secretary of state, pass on the shah's concerns, and get some assurances from them.

I did not bother to explain that my chances of reaching either of those gentlemen were rather remote, but went to another room and eventually managed to get Hal Saunders on the line. He, while holding me on one line, spoke to Secretary Vance on another. He relayed back to me the message that the prince would be allowed to graduate from Lubbock. We would provide such security as we could for the shah's family, but the burden on us was very heavy, and the Iranians would have to hire some private guards to help out.

I rejoined the king and the shah, who had been joined by the empress. She was very elegant but exceedingly nervous and sat

next to me cracking her knuckles. I reported that the prince would be allowed to finish his training but that our resources for providing security were limited. We would be expecting the Iranians to provide some of their own. This did not seem to bother the shah, who appeared pleased by the news about his son and spoke of him as any proud father would. He turned to the king and said the prince had just received an "outstanding," did Hassan know what that was? The king said of course he did; it meant very good. At that point the prince had some six weeks of scheduled attendance at Lubbock remaining, but the miracle of an Air Force time warp accelerated it to ten days. He was graduated in record time, enabling us to keep our promise and still get rid of him quickly. The shah did not complain, at least not to me, but must have thought it was a pretty cheap trick.

During the course of the conversation, I asked the shah about his travel plans. He gave a response that implied he was dubious about his welcome in the United States. I knew that at that moment his former CIA case officer had come out from Washington to see him and was waiting for a summons. I decided to leave the question of welcoming messages up to him and made no comment.

On February 20, sixteen days after my meeting with the king and the shah, Ambassador Sepahbody came to see me to discuss the shah's plans. He said the shah was upset that the United States had let him down. He was unsure of his welcome in the United States, and his entourage was shrinking. Air Force 1 had returned to Tehran and so had the *Shahin*, with some twenty staff personnel on board. I had the feeling from these remarks that the shah's ship was beginning to sink. Ayatollah Khomeini had returned to Iran on February 1, and the Bakhtiar government had collapsed, leaving Khomeini largely in control. I told Sepahbody that while I was sure our government would continue to welcome the shah, Khomeini was talking about extradition. That could cause problems. The shah should hurry and make up his mind where he wanted to go before we changed ours.

Two days later, Sepahbody returned and said he was coming at the shah's request to ask officially about going to the United States. He had decided to do so within the next week or so but had heard conflicting reports about whether he would be welcome. He also

wanted advice about where he should go in the United States. I tried to assure Sepahbody that the administration would do the honorable thing, but he regarded this as my personal opinion. They needed an official response. The shah was not worried about protocol but about security.

I immediately sent a telegram reporting this conversation, and the department responded the same day. The United States was not retreating in any way from the assurances of welcome it had given earlier. The response added that we had no extradition treaty with Iran and therefore that risk did not arise. Our readiness to receive the shah was repeated in a second telegram sent to Rabat that week.

I passed these assurances to Sepahbody. He thanked me but said the shah needed something warmer and had asked that I come see him on Monday the 26th. I reported this to the department and said that whether or not I went to see the shah—and Hassan would be angry if I did not—it was evident the shah felt the need for a personal message from the president or the secretary. I noted that Barbara Walters was nosing around, trying to wriggle her way in to see the shah. He might decide to go public about the tepidity of his invitation to the United States. If he did so, he would find a ready sounding board in the press. As I recall, I was told the answer would be given via the CIA case officer again.

That Friday, Sepahbody returned to say the shah was making contact with people in the United States, but he was still vacillating. Meanwhile, his retainers, like Hannibal's troops before Capua, were succumbing to the earthly delights of Morocco. They had shrunk to about twenty in number, mostly domestic staff and a few courtiers. They were enjoying themselves and were in no hurry to leave. They were urging the shah to stay. So was King Hassan, who told him he was welcome to stay as long as he wished. Meanwhile, Sepahbody was receiving daily messages from Moulay Hafidh, the king's chief of royal protocol, telling him that the continued presence of the shah was an embarrassment to the king and please to move him on.

Indeed, public criticism of the shah's presence was increasing. There were reports of demonstrations in Casablanca, where the students had shouted and carried placards reading, "*Le chien* [Hassan] *reçoit le chat* [the shah]." Pro-Khomeini graffiti was appearing on

walls around the country. Even students at the Tangier American School, not previously known for their political involvement, were picking up pro-Khomeini cries. The demonstrations in Casablanca were not massive, and these manifestations of public displeasure hardly threatened the monarchy, but the king was nervous about his situation. He may also have grown tired of the bother and expense of having an imperial guest.

On Sunday, a senior State Department official, Under Secretary Newsom, told PR consultant Don Agger and his sidekick, former Senator Robert Goodell, that the shah was still welcome, but we hoped he understood the problems we faced with regard to the safety of our personnel in Tehran. He mentioned the possibility that they might be taken hostage by some armed group. I wonder, if we knew this so early, why was our embassy so scandalously unprepared when it came? Agger and Goodell were going out to Morocco at the king's request to help him with the problem of the shah.

Later that week, Agger and Goodell came to see me in Rabat. They gave me my first detailed description of the security problem the shah's entry into the United States would pose for our embassy in Tehran and of the debate within the administration about the wisdom of honoring our commitment. The State Department had been less than informative in this regard; and while I could well imagine in general terms what the problem might be, I did not have details of our chargé in Tehran Charlie Naas's warning of the dire consequences. He said he needed thirty hours' advance warning of the shah's departure to the United States in order to evacuate all personnel from the Embassy in Tehran, which he feared would be burned and its occupants killed. I immediately sent a telegram that if we wanted the shah to go elsewhere, we should get to work right away.

The following Saturday, Reda Guedira told Agger that the shah had definitely decided to go to the United States. The Moroccans were stepping up their efforts to get him to leave. Agger saw the shah later in the day and again was told that he had firmly decided to go to the United States. The shah said he had been told that President Carter had said he was welcome. He noted, however, that he had no explicit invitation.

On March 14, I followed instructions to visit the king to request

his support for the recently signed Camp David Accords. I delivered an oral and written message from the president on the subject. Reda Guedira was also present, the two of us sitting face to face in front of the king's desk. The king said that of course he would support the agreement—in fact he did not—but his ability to do so would be much enhanced if we could help him with his own problem, the continued presence of the shah. The situation was weakening his hand with the other Arabs. He said, "*Me débarrassez du shah*" ("rid me of the shah"). It was important that this be done by March 30, when a referendum on an Islamic republic was scheduled in Iran. After the vote, the shah's status would change from absent monarch to fugitive from justice.

I said we had reaffirmed our welcome to the shah on several occasions, but we were facing severe difficulty with maintaining the security of our personnel in Tehran. The Moroccans should be familiar with this issue. They had already abandoned their own Embassy there. The king replied that the United States was in a better position than Morocco to respond to such threats. The problem of the shah was too big for Morocco. They needed President Carter's personal help, and the king wanted that message conveyed to him.

I reported this conversation by telegram immediately and in the evening received a call from the department, by secure telephone. The response was going to be negative, but I would not have to deliver it. I understood this to mean a special emissary, perhaps the CIA case officer, would be sent out with it. According to Newsom, the assignment went to Vernon Walters, who refused to go. The next day, however, the department sent me a telegram the essence of which was that we appreciated the king's generosity in receiving the shah and that we had hoped the shah could come to the United States; but the deteriorating situation in Tehran posed new threats to our personnel there. The president had reluctantly concluded that the time was not propitious. We would try to help the shah find a haven elsewhere. I asked for and received additional language that took note of the king's frankness and then asked for an audience to deliver the message. Royal protocol told me it should be delivered to Guedira. I went to see him on Friday the 16th and conveyed the message. I said I was sorry to have to deliver it but was only a soldier in the service of my commander. I would be delivering the

same message to the shah that afternoon. Guedira indicated that he understood my situation.

By this time the shah had moved into Dar al-Salaam Palace, across from the golf course south of Rabat. I met with him there for about an hour and a half. He was wearing a tweed sport jacket and slacks and looked tanned and healthy, but he kept wandering off the subject. I gave him the message orally and told him we were looking for alternatives. South Africa and Paraguay were both willing to receive him. Mexico and Argentina were possibilities. We were looking into both places. We were not the only people making inquiries. King Hassan told me during the meeting on the Camp David Accords that Constantine of Greece had asked Queen Elizabeth about his going to England; she said she would like to have him but her government would not. Prince Rainier of Monaco said he had security problems. I also heard that the Swiss and Spanish had both turned him down.

The shah took the news calmly. He did not lose his temper or reproach me or my government, but rather seemed resigned to the answer he had received. He said that in many ways South Africa was an agreeable place, but he had sad memories of it because his father had died there in exile. He might have been willing to go there, but the empress apparently vetoed it emphatically. He would not go to Paraguay and would not discuss it. He recalled a rather pleasant resort in Argentina in the mountains, and he talked about that for awhile, but then said that if he could not go to the United States, Mexico would be best. It would be close to his mother, who had left for the United States in January. I promised to inform Washington of his views and did so by immediate telegram. This whole ordeal had been, I felt, one of the most painful tasks of my career.

The following Monday, March 19, I wrote to Under Secretary Newsom, who had been directing the department's responses—such as they were—to most of my messages dealing with the shah. I indicated that delivering such bad news was what ambassadors were paid for, but that I disliked being the bearer of such tidings. I concluded, "If Hassan has any doubts about my being a bird of ill omen, they would have been resolved by now....I have yet to have a positive message for him." Newsom responded that the president appreciated the way we had handled this matter. Newsom also hoped to have something good for me to say. It never came.

Two weeks of often obscure maneuvering followed. We heard no more from King Hassan, except that he summoned Agger and reiterated the need to get the shah out of the country by March 30. Unfortunately, the shah did not want to deal with Agger, and he and Goodell were able to do little. Soon thereafter, David Rockefeller got into the act. The first indication we had of his involvement was a call from his longtime aide, Joe Reed, in New York. He said cheerfully that they were working on the problem, and all was not lost. I was grateful for that, because the department was telling us nothing.

It was largely through Joe Reed's efforts that a temporary refuge was found in the Bahamas. This required, I later learned from Reed, the bribing of very senior Bahamian officials. For their part, the Moroccans let it be known that they were readying an aircraft. They would take the shah to South Africa on March 30 if no other place were found. Meanwhile, the king continued to tell the shah he was welcome to remain as long as he liked, explaining to Agger that he could not tell a royal guest to leave. Someone else would have to do it. I was later told that the palace bagman, M. Freij, was still carrying such messages to the shah in Nassau, telling him he was welcome to return when he wished. I suspect Hassan hoped eventually to get his hands on some of the shah's money, regarding which wild rumors were flying about.

After nearly two months of maneuvering, the shah finally left Morocco for the Bahamas on the morning of Friday, March 30. A large bodyguard and a small civilian retinue accompanied him. Sepahbody, who remained loyal to the shah to the end, despite imprecations from Tehran, left soon after for the United States. He and his wife left with us a large can of caviar, which we ate when our own turn came.

In early April, Secretary of Commerce Juanita Kreps came to Morocco on an official visit to discuss ways of increasing U.S.-Moroccan trade. The Department of Commerce staff handling the visit was somewhat new to North Africa and became increasingly disturbed by our inability to pin the Moroccans down to precise arrangements in advance. They wanted a detailed agreed-upon program, in particular assurances that Mrs. Kreps would be received by the king. This sort of commitment was rarely given, and certainly not to someone of Mrs. Kreps's relatively junior rank. We kept

assuring Commerce that the Moroccans would do their duty and see to it that the visit was a success. This Commerce was unwilling to accept. At one point they talked of canceling the visit. I was told that this reflected Secretary Kreps's own sense of insecurity. I made strenuous efforts by telephone and cable to calm these fears, while the department, in the person of AFN country director Jim Bishop, issued several doses of gut stiffener to Commerce.

The trip finally got underway. The visit went well, as anticipated. The king did receive Mrs. Kreps, who was given all the hospitality she could have asked for. The crowning event, in my personal view, was the dinner we gave for her at which various Moroccan ministers stood up and said what a great job I had been doing in improving U.S.-Moroccan relations. Earlier the same day, however, when Mrs. Kreps had an audience with the king, I had been excluded from the meeting at the last minute. This was not the first time that sort of thing had happened, but I was upset. I almost walked out of the palace and turned in my suit, as I had earlier considered in Marrakesh. I regret not having followed my instincts, because at least I would have had the satisfaction of showing my contempt openly. One can rarely do that and remain at post, however. Diplomats do not have that luxury. As it was, I let the incident pass. It seemed to me the king gave me a particularly venomous look when I was called in at the end of his meeting with Mrs. Kreps for an exchange of banalities. We went on with the program, and the next day Mrs. Kreps had what seemed to me a warm farewell.

About a week later Jim Bishop telephoned to say the secretary wanted to see me. Travel orders for both Jeanne and me to come to Washington would be forthcoming. I asked what it was about, and Jim mumbled something vague about U.S.-Moroccan relations. I discussed this with Peter Moffat, the country director, and said it sounded ominous, but he thought I was overreacting.

We left a few days later, stopping in Madrid for a pleasant couple of days with Terry Todman and his wife and with the Ulrich Hayneses from Algiers. We had wide-ranging discussions of Maghreb-Spanish relations and U.S. policies in the area, did a little shopping, had a nice meal or two, and went on our way with no sense of impending doom.

On arrival in Washington I was told that the secretary could not

see me but had commissioned David Newsom to do so. Newsom began by saying that the hard jobs were always given to him and then said that the king had complained to Mrs. Kreps about me. He showed me a report of the conversation. The king had made the following points:

- (1) U.S.-Moroccan relations would not improve as long as I was in Rabat. There were three specific problems:
  - (a) Ambassador Bengelloun had seen a message from me to Washington saying the Moroccan government was not interested in receiving Secretary Kreps. I might note that of course there was no such message.
  - (b) I had lost my nerve in Lebanon, causing the unnecessary evacuation of the American community. I can thank my diplomatic colleagues in Beirut for that, I guess.
  - (c) I had served previously in Rabat as DCM and had known many people. Unfortunately, many continued to think of me in my previous capacity. Ambassadors had to act with more discretion. The secretary must have overlooked the fact that I had been DCM before, because it certainly was not normal to assign someone as an ambassador in such circumstances. This is nonsense, of course, but Warren Christopher, the deputy secretary of state told me after it was all over that he felt the same way.
- (2) The king was less certain of other facts, but he had heard that I had been a friend of General Medbuh, who had led the Skhirat coup attempt in 1971. The suggestion had been made that I therefore must have been aware of the coup in advance. This is ironic; I was one of the few diplomats in Rabat who did not play golf and who therefore never met Medbuh, whose principal responsibility was the royal golf courses. I never knowingly laid eyes on him.
- (3) The king did not want to embarrass the president by requesting my recall and hoped that the secretary would see to it that this was not necessary.

Newsom said there seemed to be no alternative to my leaving Rabat. Unfortunately, no other post was available that was suitable



for me. Perhaps I could go somewhere as diplomat in residence, or I might wish to consider retirement. This is the standard formula with which one is ushered out. While by this time I had no desire to remain in Rabat, I was stunned by the message. I went back to DACOR house, where we were staying, and told Jeanne what had happened. Thus began one of the most difficult periods of my life.

From the beginning, I had known that I started off on the wrong foot with Hassan and that our relations would never be warm. I felt, however, that I had done him a favor in reversing the U.S. policy on the supply of arms, and the Kreps visit had gone well. I enjoyed widespread recognition in Rabat, where Moroccans knew that I had been working diligently to resolve outstanding problems between our two countries. In retrospect, I think the king believed the shah's assertion that we had dropped him like an old slipper and decided that I was the agent chosen to do the same to him. He may have been influenced by the myth that I had been the *éminence grise* in Cairo and Beirut. I suspect that my delivering the disinvitation to the shah was the final straw. The king's remarks about my numerous contacts, on the other hand, make me think perhaps I met once too often with someone the throne considered an enemy. Perhaps Sadiq al-Glaoui, son of the former pasha of Marrakesh, who came to see me several times about his son, who was in the Tangier American School. Or the doctor with whom we had lunch and a frank talk in Meknes at the urging of the head of the Peace Corps contingent. Combing my memory, these are the only two occasions I can recall that might have excited suspicion. But perhaps it was neither of these. Perhaps it was nobody.

Jim Bishop had a conversation with Ali Bengelloun that tends to support my impression about the *éminence grise* factor. Bengelloun said the problems with the Kreps visit were the fault of the Moroccan officials doing the coordinating. He then commented that relations between the king and me had not gone well from the beginning. We did not enjoy the degree of personal rapport that had existed between Hassan and my predecessors. The king had agreed to my appointment without realizing that I had served previously in Rabat. He had intended to speak to Secretary Vance about this on the way to the airport the last night of his visit, but it had slipped his mind. Speaking personally, Bengelloun said the

king might have been superstitious about my presence because I had been there during the 1971 and 1972 coup attempts. Bengelloun offered to and later did speak to the secretary on my behalf. Vance told him I was leaving Morocco and that was that.

After consulting Hal Saunders and others, I decided there was no purpose to be served in trying to ride out the storm, although Hal did offer that alternative. Rather, I decided the king's laundry list of complaints should be seen as liberating me from a career that was becoming less and less pleasant. The Foreign Service had changed as the role of the ambassador dwindled while that of the security officer grew. I had long planned to leave the service around 1980 anyway and thought I should start looking for new employment. One of the first people I called was retired NEA hand Luke Battle, who always seemed to know what jobs were coming up, although he never came through with one for me. We agreed to have lunch at the Metropolitan Club.

I was walking down the corridor of the department en route to meet him when I suddenly had an attack of vertigo of the sort I had been suffering since 1972. Margery Ransom of USIA, who was accompanying me out the door, helped me back to Jim Bishop's office. We called the medical division, which sent up a doctor with a portable EKG machine to take a reading. I subsequently met with the department's cardiologist, who suggested that I would be wise to return home so that I could be followed more closely. He did not seem to think it was urgent, though, and I don't think he was suggesting that I curtail my tour in Rabat. These attacks seemed to be related to stress, however, and I decided that I wanted someplace quiet for a while. The department made some effort to place me and made me two or three offers. I eventually settled for the job of faculty adviser at the Air University at Maxwell Field, Alabama.

In the meantime, we returned to Rabat, where I announced to my diplomatic colleagues that I was leaving for health reasons, and the embassy put out a press release to that effect. No one believed it, of course. I had told the full story to my senior staff, and they may have leaked some of it. Even if they did not, no politically sophisticated observer in Rabat would have accepted such an explanation unless I had been carried out on a stretcher with an intravenous feeding tube attached to my arm and my wife dressed in mourning

black. The one Moroccan to whom I told the truth was my physician, Abdeslam Tazi, who promised that he would tell people I was *fatigué*, something he always said every time I went to see him anyway. Our departure was not unnoticed, but there was no great to-do about it. I gather the diplomatic corps buzzed with rumors for a while, and there were a few speculative press comments, but the *Washington Post* and *New York Times* barely noticed. On June 28, a week after our departure, the *Washington Post* (p. A17) carried a brief item under the heading "Mideast Violence Imperils Peace Effort," which said in part:

Kissinger is to finish his tour in Morocco, where he is to see King Hassan II. Kissinger is close to the Moroccan monarch, whose relations with the Carter administration have been uneven and who earlier this month abruptly demanded the recall of Ambassador Richard Parker, according to US officials.

These officials said they were not sure how Parker had angered Hassan, but speculated that the move was a show of the king's displeasure with the State Department's opposition to increased arms sales to Morocco and with what Hassan sees as the department's favoritism toward Algeria. Parker has previously served as ambassador to Algeria.

The administration has kept the king's action secret and is moving to replace Parker quickly in contrast to its handling of a similar rebuff from Iran's revolutionary government last month. Then the State Department disclosed Iran's refusal to accept Walter Cutler as ambassador and said that a replacement for Cutler would not be sent to Iran.

The department in fact kept the post in Rabat open for five months. On June 29, the *Baltimore Sun* carried a correspondent's dispatch, which read in part:

Relations between the Kingdom of Morocco and the United States are badly strained, the poorest they have been in many years, American and Moroccan officials here agree. Prospects for easing the resentment felt by the North Afri-

can nation of 18 million persons were not improved any by the sudden departure last week of US Ambassador Richard Parker.

Mr. Parker, an Arabist who had written about Islamic monuments in Morocco and lived in the country previously, only became ambassador in October. Just two weeks ago he announced he would be giving up his post for health reasons. However, many officials here suspect that discouragement over the tense U.S.-Moroccan relationship and frustration at not being able to do anything to improve it contributed to his decision to leave.

Of more interest was an item by Davis Humphrey, described as an American freelance writer who had long observed events in North Africa, in the October 23, 1979, *Christian Science Monitor*:

In recent years US diplomacy regarding Morocco has been less than brilliant. This strategically positioned, longtime friend is calling for support at a time when the US has failed even to supply adequate diplomatic ties.

The one recent American ambassador in whom King Hassan had confidence was Robert Neumann, who held the post from 1973 to 1976. Mr. Neumann, who had a deep understanding of Moroccan interests, was "done in," so to speak, by two other US diplomats, the ambassadors to Spain and Algeria, because of his pro-Moroccan attitude after the takeover of the Spanish Sahara in November 1975. Mr. Neumann was removed over Hassan's objections and replaced by crusty Robert Anderson, who immediately put himself in the king's disfavor by demanding that Morocco cease the use in the Sahara of arms and aircraft bought in the US. By mid-1978 the King asked that Mr. Anderson be replaced.

The next US ambassador, an able Arabist, had been posted previously in Morocco, and had ironically been the ambassador in Algeria who helped cause the dismissal of Mr. Neumann. Again the king failed in his request for US helicopters and aircraft parts, many of which had been bought but whose shipment was blocked by the State Department's

Munitions Control Board. He requested the removal of Mr. Parker.

Neumann himself sent me a clipping of this item and said, "As far as Stabler [who was ambassador to Madrid in 1976] is concerned, he is right, but there was more to the story than that. At any rate it's water under the dam [*sic*]...."

I wrote back to say I hoped he didn't believe I had anything to do with his removal from Rabat.

He replied on November 26 saying, "I never suspected you seriously, but I cannot say the same of Stabler. I do know that he conspired against me with the first Franco [*sic*] Foreign Minister Cortina. As Cortina also conspired against his ambassador in Rabat, it was par for the course."

I have not pursued the matter further with Neumann or Stabler, but knowing Stabler well I find the story most improbable. It is true that Neumann and I held opposite views on the Sahara issue, and we had some lively exchanges as a result, but I had a high personal regard for him and certainly had nothing to do with his departure from Rabat. That was due rather to his running afoul of Kissinger. He tried to go around Kissinger by getting in touch with friends in the White House in an effort to reverse the department's restrictive policy on military cooperation with Morocco. Henry found out about it and sacked him. Or, at least that is the story I was told. Neumann did have a conspiratorial bent.

At about the same time there was an article in some publication I cannot identify, having only a photocopy of the article itself, with no attribution, but which comes under the rubric News in Perspective:

American sources in Algeria are worried that the Carter administration may be influenced by the need to "persuade" Morocco's King Hassan to give greater support to the Egypt-Israel peace treaty and that this could lead Washington to abandon Algeria and give its full backing to Morocco.

This seems unlikely, however, for US Congressman Stephen Solarz, who just visited the region, is advising caution. Moreover, although the US agreed to remove Dick

Parker because King Hassan held him responsible for the failure of the talks in Washington last October, he is not being replaced by a more sympathetic figure. The US accepts Parker's essentially correct analysis that the king was losing ground in the Sahara, and the post is being left vacant....

I suspect the source of this particular story was Rick Haynes in Algiers. The last sentence does not make much sense, either internally or in relation to its context.

We departed Rabat at the end of June, spent some time in Paris and Monterubbiano, and reported to my new post at Maxwell in early September. On September 21, the State Department announced it would award me the Distinguished Service Award, its highest nonvalor decoration. Given in recognition of my services, the nature of which was rather vaguely defined, this was designed to make me feel better. It also sent a message to the Moroccans that the government held me in high regard and did not take kindly to King Hassan's cavalier treatment of me.

The department decided that it should not waste another career officer on Hassan for a while and took its time about selecting a replacement. Eventually it sent Angier Biddle Duke, former chief of protocol and ambassador to Spain. As a person with money and social position whom the king could trust, he was an inspired choice. He got along very well, but I don't think he found Rabat very exciting. Neither had I. I once heard that in Rabat one should think of one's self as being in a French provincial capital, where the king was the prefect. Everything revolved around him, and nothing else was of interest.

I was subsequently told that my trouble in my final post was as much with Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher as it was with the king. Bill Crawford described him as having an anal personality and no sense of humor. Some of my telegrams from Beirut displeased him, and he went so far as to ask Tony Ross, an old friend, to do a study of my reporting to see whether or not I was a serious person. Ross reportedly told him after examination that indeed I was serious but under considerable stress. I gather that my fall from grace in Rabat confirmed Christopher in his view. I was told that he had blocked my consideration for a number of